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High School Exhibition.

On Tuesday evening last, the pupils of the High School of this city, gave an exhibition at Lippin's Hall. This large room was well filled by a highly intelligent audience, who manifested their deep interest in the exercises of the occasion by remaining in their seats till half past ten o'clock, notwithstanding the excessive heat of the weather—an unmistakable evidence of their favorable appreciation of the proceedings of the evening—as it must have required considerable moral courage to have enabled them to decide to be present, and far more to have sat in a densely filled room with the thermometer at 95.

The evening's exercises were commenced by an appropriate prayer by Rev. M. Goodspeed.

The "Opening Hymn," as announced upon the programme, was to have been sung by Misses Nettie Eyleshimmer, Mary Stevens, Olive Wilson and Susie Holden, who are among the best singers in the High School, but it was thought more appropriate to substitute the "Greeting Glee," as a welcome to the audience, in which the whole school took part.

An admirable address was then delivered by Judge Armstrong, one of the Board of Education, which we publish at length.

ADDRESS.

BY JAMES ARMSTRONG.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Scarcely a fortnight since a very beautiful sight was seen in this City. On the morning of the 2d of this month, two thousand children and youth, with their teachers and parents, were assembled together at the depot of the Chicago and North-Western Railway for a pleasure excursion; and as the morning sun glistened upon their banners, and the glad winds brushed their curls aside, and their bright eyes sparkled, and their red lips smiled upon each other, the hearts of the oldest of us must have been calmed indeed, if they were not made better for the hour—in the contemplation of so much innocence and gaiety.

Before them stood the iron horse upon his track, "harnessed with his iron bands" ready to speed them to their destination—their young hearts bounding with the happiness they felt, and their cheeks flushed with the roses which the air of morning, and the healthy blood coursing through their veins had painted there. They were intent upon the enjoyment of the hour, and as upon their arrival at the "picnic" grounds, they flocked and gambled in their innocent glee, strong men wished that they were boys again, and each mother there, thought of the time when she was a "wee little slip of a girl."

The hearts of these children and youth were unclouded by care. They had not yet experienced the blightings of disappointment. They had not yet sickened under the witherings of hope. They had not yet, any of them, fallen victims to the midwife of tempting vice. They were proximates to angels then, and would to God we could always keep them there. But this cannot be. Their mission is to supply our places. They must encounter the difficulties of life, and take part in its battle. A few more years will find them engrossed in the busy whirl and stern realities of every day existence. All will start out in the contest with high hopes and noble aspirations; and although nary, no doubt, "weary with the march of life" will "fall and perish by the roadside," still it is our duty to fit them for the journey, and place the weapons for their warfare in their hands.

How can we do this? These Schools—these Sunday Schools—will do much towards the accomplishment of this object. They have done so in the past. They will do so in the future; for in the galaxy of great names, which adorn the world's, and our country's history, there are many, who date their rescue from vice, and their preparation for utility in life, to these embryo colleges of virtue, and religious knowledge.

The mother by the home-hearth can educate the heart, and instill lessons of wisdom and piety into the mind of her child—lessons which will never be forgotten—lessons which will come back to the mind of the strong-man with crushing weight, in the hour of his fall from honor and right, and in that hour bitter tears will gush from eyes unused to weep, and trickle through fingers which may have clutched the assassin's knife and sealed the murderer's doom—lessons which will lend a more radiant light to the true man's brow, when flame circles round it, for in that hour his heart will soften, and his soul grow better, as he stands by the side of a dead mother's grave.

But this is not all. The world with all its cares and pitfalls, its duties and its duties, is man's broad theatre of action, and to fit him for the ordeal through which he must pass, the mind as well as the heart must be educated; and I know not how it may have been with others, but as I looked upon the array of bright eyes, and happy faces of which I have spoken, and some of the thoughts to which I have alluded, swept through my mind, I could not but feel a thrill of pride as I cast my eye Eastward—and looked to the Alma Mater for these children—to yonder magnificent monument which looms so grandly above the vast prairie beyond it, and stands the proud Acropolis of the free-republican city below it.

Ours, my friends, is a beautiful land—beautiful in its broad and undulating prairies—beautiful in its green-wood openings, in its clear and silvery atmosphere, in its limpid rivers, and in its rich and bread-yielding soil. The mellow moon looks down upon an abundant harvest bending to the reapers' sickle, and the busy hum of industry is heard on every hand. But if this were all we could boast of, we should be poor indeed. The Earth is kind, and will bless and reward those who labor in her tillage. The fresh air we breathe is pure, and sends healthful blood through our veins, and yet, if we who enjoy these blessings are possessed

of but starved and barren minds, we are but libels upon the beings the great Author of the Universe intended us to be.

It is, nevertheless, a strange and melancholy fact that as we cast our eyes upon the fairest portions of Earth, where pensile beauties adorn the softest skies, and nature blooms in almost perennial loveliness—inviting but the slightest culture at the hands of intellectual man, to yield the richest fruits—that, there, her invitations are neglected, and the darkest ignorance broods upon her denizens—that, even now, to-night, the brigand and the bandit await the passing traveler, thirsting alike for his money and his blood, and anarchy and civil war are demoralizing the people to a still lower degree of depravity, and hopeless mental inanity. I allude to the land of the Aztecs, to the degenerate and almost disintegrated Republic of Mexico; while poor old Spain, in the decay and gradually increasing mental imbecility of her nobility and the degradation of her masses is fast sinking into utter insignificance among the powers of Earth.

But to return from this digression. It is incumbent upon us, situated as we are here, in a garden land, not only to improve all the facilities which a genial climate and a rich and fertile soil affords, but more than all to attend to that higher and nobler duty of cultivating the intellect, and approximating man, as near as may be, to the image of his Maker.

It is our pride and boast that we live in a land of laws—in a land where the people are free—in a Republic whose flag floats on every sea, and whose canvass ripples to every breeze—that the very foundations of our government rest upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, and it is a most gratifying fact that throughout this broad empire, with every variety of soil and climate, the people and the representatives of the people, are awake to the importance of a general national education—that they are extending every possible facility to the high and the low, the rich and the poor for the acquisition of useful knowledge. They have learned lessons of wisdom from the past. They have seen the masses of the old world writhing in ignorance under the iron heel of despotism, and these "empires" are vying with each other to-day in their ambition to be foremost in patronizing and sustaining public schools and institutions of learning. They all understand that in a government like ours, the more enlightened, refined and elevated the public mind, the surer and more steadfast will stand the bulwark of our free institutions,—may more, that with a universally enlightened and virtuous people none other than a free government will be tolerated, and that with such a people the foundations of their liberties are as firm and unmovable as their iron bound mountains.—These maxims these states tell to each other. New England from her barren hills repeats them to California and Florida from her eglades echoes them back to the huckleberry groves of Maine; while the four millions—four millions—of scholars in the public schools of the United States, with their one hundred and fifty thousand teachers, send greeting across the blue Atlantic, to old Europe, now encouraging her soil with fraternal blood that liberty and intelligence, the union of the States, and the union of fraternity, are here "now and forever, one and inseparable."

But while we congratulate ourselves that throughout this vast republic, the subject of popular and universal education is receiving that attention its importance demands, may we not with a just pride revert to the care which has been bestowed upon it, in this one of the youngest States in the Union.—But a few years since these prairies constituted one vast wild flower garden, and the forests beyond us were untenanted save by the wild beast and the red man. To-day Wisconsin contains a population of over nine hundred thousand,—if not one million—intelligent freemen. Its forests have fallen as if by magic before the woodman's axe, and the wild prairie garden has become the yellow grain-field. To-day there are within its limits two hundred and sixty-five thousand children between the ages of four and twenty; and in this connection Mr. Draper, (State Superintendent of Public Instruction) incidentally remarks that were these children to form in single file, allowing each a space of four feet, they would make a continuous army of over two hundred miles in length. Of this number there are in actual attendance upon the public schools of the State 168,000, while 3,482 school houses are scattered over its surface.

Is comment necessary upon these facts? Do they not speak for themselves, eloquent trumpet-tongued, in behalf of the public spirit, the energy and enterprise as well as the intelligence of a State yet four years removed from its teens. Is it not almost incredible that in the "far west" three hundred thousand people should have increased in the short space of eight years to the number of one million? And yet so it is. Such is the genius of our free institutions. Such the spirit of the age in which we live. The tide of emigration from the East has swelled our number with astonishing rapidity. It has contributed to our industry and added to our wealth; and thus Wisconsin, to-day—scarcely nine years old—is rivaling, nay surpassing most of the sister States in her educational facilities, and peering them all in the development of her natural resources, and the prosecution of her great public enterprises.

People of Jamesville; such is the State of which you constitute a part, and in which you live. But fortunately for you it has been noted that the locality in which you reside should be the El Dorado of a goodly land, and that your busy City should be the brightest (inland) gem upon her coronet.—For years it has enjoyed, and justly too, the reputation of being one of most active and energetic places in the West.—You have been proud of it too. You have boasted of your noble river which flows at our feet and of the splendid water power it affords. You are proud of your public spirited citizens who have erected palatial residences and magnificent hotels in your midst. You have experienced a thrill of pleasure when the passing stranger could not find language to express his admiration of the

rich and fertile fields by which you are enclosed; and your ears have become so accustomed to the whistle of the engine that the railroads centering in and radiating from this point, have ceased to be novel things. But after all, these are nothing when compared with the wisdom and the energy which projected and erected yonder splendid edifice, for it is at once your crowning glory and your citadel.

Why your citadel? Because within its walls your children are educated and fitted for the active duties of life. There every faculty of the mind is brought out, and in the studies they pursue, they are taught to cultivate the good and the beautiful—studies which inspire within them more ardent longings for useful knowledge, and a disgust for the baser passions which drag man down to infamy and death. Because intellectual and accomplished men and women, having a just appreciation of the dignity of the profession in which they are engaged, of its honors and responsibilities, are tilling through the long day to make your children good men and women, and liberty loving citizens. Because from its threshold will step out into the world the poor boy, who may electrify it by his eloquence, and become a blessing and an honor to mankind,—a poor boy, who perchance, had it not been for your munificence would have remained in ignorance, and filled an ignominious grave. Because the poor young girl whose mother is toiling and struggling for subsistence, while her daughter is enjoying the privileges which you have vouchsafed to her, may by her goodness and her cultivated intellect, become a Catharine Beecher, or a Hannah More.

But let me not be unjust to you or to others, for as beautiful adjuncts, to the High School, of which I have been speaking, are comfortable and commodious ward school buildings, in each ward of the City, where your little ones are taught the rudiments of knowledge, and prepared to enter upon the career of study prescribed in the High School building. These children too, are under the care of competent teachers, all of whom are fully qualified for the task they have assumed, and appreciate the importance and responsibility of the work in which they are engaged. Have you seen these little ones of high and low degree, with their happy faces, as they entered upon their morning exercises, preceding the studies of the day in each school building of this City? Have you even the evidences of affection exhibited between pupil and teacher? Have you noticed with what alacrity your own little ones hurry to the school room? Have you heard their sweet voices warbling together their Maker's praises, and have you seen their little hands reverently bowed in prayer together? If you have not, you had better go, for you will come back better men, and better women.

Such, my friends, are the schools of your City. They are institutions of which you are justly proud, and they reflect bright honor upon you. Some there are I know, who object to these free—these union schools.—Some there are who would wipe them out of existence. Oh! let it not be so. On our own account let no such calamity befall us. But were there danger of it, how eloquent ly would humanity protest against it. The fifteen hundred and sixty-seven children whose names have been registered during the past year would answer, no. The eight hundred and ninety-one pupils in actual attendance to-day, would beg you not to do so wrong a thing. The twenty-four teachers, employed at a mean salary,—meagre for their merits—would join them in their prayer, and the inmates of yonder benevolent State institution, who eye-ears closed to the bright glad world without, but whose minds are being illumined and adorned with useful knowledge at the expense of the State, would utter burning words of shame upon you for the commission of so great a wrong. No! no! let us foster these institutions. They constitute our richest capital. They are our brightest jewels; and in the hereafter, when those who have graduated at this institution, shall have gone out into the world to do manful battle in it, and remember the advantages and the training they have received, as the morning sunlight breaks upon, and gilds the summit of the High School building, their orisons and their blessings will be reflected from its dome to praise and reward you.

And now Ladies and Gentlemen, in behalf of the Board of Education of this City, and of the Teachers and Members of the High School I greet you here. I congratulate you that to-night you are in the midst of plenty—that while in other lands the terrible scourge of War, is desolating homes, and thousands upon thousands of breaking hearts are mourning the loved and lost who fill a soldier's grave, that here, in this free land, white-winged Peace, throws her mantle over you, to make you contented, joyous and happy.

Again I greet you, and bid you welcome.

The Salutatory was delivered by Miss M. E. Douglas, one of the graduating class. This production received the unequalled praise of all. It was read in an admirable manner, and bore evidence of the talent of the fair authoress, as well as the thorough and systematic mental training which she had received, during her three year's course at the High School. So much were we pleased with it, that we solicited a copy for publication, which will be found below:

BY MARY E. DOUGLAS.

We welcome the friends of education to the closing exercises of our school. We ask, in return, not only your kind attention, but moderation in your criticisms on our imperfect productions. While our progress has been slow, we trust it has been sure. Although we may not yet have attained as high a position on the hill of science as have some similar institutions, still our motto is, "Press onward, ever onward," and with patience, perseverance and industry as rules for our conduct, we hope soon to reach the goal of our competitors. Whatever advancement we may have made is to be attributed, in part, to the kind and judicious endeavors of our friends in our behalf. Still, with all these aids, "disciplining and educating the mind must be

one's own work"—the product of persevering exertion. No one ever became great by imitation. Neither goodness nor greatness can be copied. They are only acquired by patient industry, and are the work of a whole life. A price is appointed by Providence to be paid for everything, and the price of improvement is labor. Sloth outfeels equally the bodily and the mental powers. As in the animal system it engenders disease, so in the faculties of the mind it brings a fatal rust which corrodes and wastes them—which in a short time reduces the brightest genius to the same level with the meanest understanding. We suppose the great differences which take place among men are not owing so much to a distinction that nature has made in their original powers as to the superior diligence with which some have improved those powers beyond others. To no good purpose do we possess the seeds of many great and noble abilities, if they are suffered to lie dormant within us. It is not the latent possession, but the active exercise of them, which gives them merit. Thousands whom indolence has sunk into contemptible obscurity might have come forward to the highest distinction, if idleness had not frustrated the effect of all their powers. They must expect to be neglected by the thriving part of mankind, and left behind by every competitor for rank and fortune.

While the inactive thus shut the door against every improvement, they open it wide to the most destructive vices. The human mind cannot always remain inactive. If we supply them not with proper employments, they are sure to run loose into disorders. While we are unoccupied in what is good, evil is continually at hand. Enough has been said to convince all of the fully of idleness.

A sound judgment is also indispensable to a thorough education. It is necessary to enable the student to form an accurate opinion respecting the merits of different authors. The want of judgment has often injured men of great natural parts and genius, who otherwise might have shone bright in our intellectual sky. Much may be accomplished by way of self-education. It has taught society that man, noble in reason, godlike in faculties, must not depend for mental development entirely on foreign aid, but a lively play must be given to his own powers. Many of the brightest stars in our intellectual firmament are those who have overcome all obstacles by their own might, emerged from obscurity, and now occupy high and honorable stations. The everywhere honored Franklin, the father of American science, stands forth as a bright illustration of what can be done by self-education. "The same persevering spirit which prompted him to search the secrets of philosophy, impelled him forward till science gave into his hands the keys of her power, and the lightning played harmlessly at his feet." And what Franklin accomplished may be accomplished by others. The large capacity of the human mind sets the dignity of our nature in the clearest light. Man has a capacity for constant and perpetual progress in knowledge. The bee cannot improve her skill, nor the ant her prudence by observation or study. All knowledge is the mere gift of God, which he bestows on them without any application or exertion of theirs.

But man is capable of improving in knowledge as long as he enjoys the means of improvement. Indeed, he has power to improve the smallest stock forever. The faculty of reason with which he is endowed enables him to proceed from one degree of knowledge to another in a constant and endless progression. The path of knowledge has resembled "the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." One generation have been improving on another from age to age. Thus may it be with those who shall here be educated. While they shall enjoy the privileges of this institution and the valuable instructions of these honored teachers, may it be the height of their ambition to surpass, both in knowledge and in goodness, their fellow students who have gone before them.

The oration by Sylvester St. John, entitled "Onward," was a good theme. The composition was excellent, and was delivered with that energy and force which befitted the subject. Mr. St. John, with that careful training which he will receive at the High School, will make an effective speaker.

The "Poem," by Loren Cheney, evinced poetical talent, and was delivered in a style which enhanced the beauties of the production.

One of the gems of the evening was the Song, "Robin Redbreast," by Miss O. H. Wilson. It is rare that we hear a richer or a better cultivated voice.

"The Growth of International Sympathies," a declamation by Edward F. Welch, was good.

A fine solo for the Piano Forte, by Prof. L. Hehl, was executed by that gentleman in his well-known admirable style.

"Let there be Light"—declamation by G. B. Norton. An excellent selection and well recited. Mr. Norton has a strong and flexible voice, and can become an excellent speaker, by a careful cultivation of his natural powers.

The Essay by Miss Jennie R. Williston—"Elevation is Exposure"—was carefully written and contained many truths forcibly expressed. This is one of the productions which we should be glad to publish had we room for them all.

The Duet, "I know a bank," sung by Misses M. J. and A. J. Loudon, needs no praise, as it had that from the audience.

We were well pleased with the discussion on the subject, "Does the pulpit afford a better field of eloquence than the bar?" between Wm. B. Rines, affirmative, and Wm. M. Lawrence, negative. The two lads were about equal in ability, and if a jury were called upon to decide between them we are convinced that there would be no agreement. They sustained their parts

very well, and their efforts were creditable to themselves and their teachers.

An Oration, by W. H. Spencer, was delivered with propriety and effect. The essay "Our Mission," by Phoebe J. Fish, was read in too low a tone of voice for the whole audience to hear it distinctly. We were well pleased with it, and can pronounce it one of the best essays read during the evening.

The Song, "I'll tell Nobody," was a sweet thing, and was quite creditable to the singer, Miss Susie H. Holden.

Mr. Orrin Bates' "Address to the ladies," had too many wholesome truths in it to be quite palatable to our modern fair. We thought we saw some wincing under its severest strictures. It should be spoken once a month in the hearing of the inmates of all our High Schools and female seminaries, and we deputize Mr. Bates as a missionary to perform the duty.

The Grand March from Norma, piano, by Misses E. M. Barson and E. D. Mander, is pronounced by musical critics a good thing.

"Truth's Triumph," an oration, by Loren Cheney, like all the productions of this young gentleman, exhibited evidences of care and good taste in its composition and delivery.

The Essay—"We labor here; we rest in Heaven"—by Miss Emma F. Wood, was excellent—had many good and beautiful thoughts, well expressed. We regret that for want of room we cannot publish this also.

We are much obliged to Miss Nettie W. Eyleshimmer, as we have no doubt the audience were, for the song "I'm a Merry Zingara." It was very pretty song, and had an enlivening effect upon the evening's entertainment.

The parody entitled "Fire," by Wm. Bishop, elicited considerable applause, not only for its happy conceit, but on account of the peculiar and startling manner in which William pronounced the word "Fire!" We copy it below:

FIRE—A PARODY.

BY WM. BISHOP.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through a rugged village passed,
Some youths, who cried, both loud and high,
The awful and startling cry,
FIRE!

Their brows were sad; their eyes, beneath
Flashed like a falcon from its stealth,
And like a copper coil bell rung
The accents from their noisy tongues,
FIRE!

Far up the hill they saw the light
Of something burning red and bright;
Above the heavens in beauty shone;
And from their lips escaped a groan,
FIRE!

"Go not to it," an old man said;
"It's home and get yourselves to bed,"
But they their mouths now opened wide,
In sharp and noisy tones replied,
FIRE!

"Beware the danger," a broken he said;
"Beware you get a broken head!"
This was the old man's last good will,
As he rushed forth from his noisy throng,
FIRE!

Now at the fire they had arrived,
To quench the flames they valiantly strived,
Then sitting down in great despair,
Each yelled forth from his hawsered chair,
FIRE!

The flames their fury having spent,
All to their lonely dwellings went;
And as they passed the houses by,
Repeated the loud and deafening cry,
FIRE!

Everybody looked out with wondering eye
To see them as they wandered by,
For who could lay, and sleep, and snore?
While they were yelling at the door,
FIRE!

Next morning long ere the break of day,
Frameless, in ashes, the Court House lay,
The grass, which grows on yonder hill,
Spoke forth in voices loud and shrill,
FIRE!

An essay on "Fashion," by Miss M. Laurie Martin, shows that she has much ability as a writer. It was read in a clear and distinct tone, which much enhanced its effect. We take pleasure in presenting it to our readers at length:

FASHION—AN ESSAY.

BY M. LAURIE MARTIN.

Among all the gods before whose thrones mankind bow in humble reverence, at whose shrines they place the holy offering of their hearts-worship, Fashion holds the most undisputed sway, and exercises the most potent and unyielding influence. She twines her silken chains firmly about the heart, and draws us after her triumphal car, with a power as irresistible as that which the southern over-seer exerts over his dark slaves.

To follow her commanding beck we hasten along the road of life, never pausing at the wayside fountains of love and happiness to sip their pure and invigorating waters, never heeding the solemn truths which angel-pens have written in broad letters of gold in the great book of Nature, never performing great and noble deeds and thereby winning fideless laurels, and impressing deep our "foot-prints on the sands of time," but we hasten onward in a wild career of folly and dissipation, until at last, our "life-barque" is cast helm-less, upon the dark surging waters of the chill Death river.

Assuredly such a state of things ought not to exist; but the truth must be acknowledged that the mind of man has ceased to be the holy dwelling-place of peace, contentment and cheerfulness, but is constantly engrossed with some new fashion, ism, ottery or whimsical union. The old adage "One might as well be out of the world as out of fashion," has, alas! of late years been indeliberately introduced into the theory of every one. Indeed the whole world is constantly oscillating between the edicts of the fashionable Parisian milliner and tailor shops. Whether it be from the old-fashioned bonnet to the tinsy-scraps-shaped mass of laces and flowers, the changes are still imperative and cannot be disobeyed.—Again, our own personal comfort or convenience is not taken into consideration, but we sacrifice our health, and with it our life-happiness, to the will of the fickle but relentless goddess. By the wearing of paper-soled shoes and butterfly bonnets, by exposure to the chill dews of evening, we invite and welcome to our embrace Disease and Death; but, "to be fashionable and die, seems a far higher aim of life than to

have common sense and live. Better a neatly made shroud and an early grave than the reputation of being odd or possessing bad taste." Above the pale faces and folded hands of these self-dedicating victims, a minister affectingly discourses upon the "righteous dispensations of Providence," and expatiates widely upon the countless perfections of the "dear departed." Prancing horses in their gilded harness gaily bear their light burdens of crinolines and flounces in the long procession which winds through the thronged avenues to the silent graveyard; many crocodile tears are shed as the rosewood coffin is lowered into the moist grave, and the gay equipages whirl away again, while their occupants, with all their outward show of sanctimonious reverence, in their hearts but Mammon, and bow as cringing slaves before the all-potent, all-mighty influence of Fashion. Such is a fashionable funeral.

Next perhaps, the Death-angel in his ceaseless journeying over the earth, enters the home-nest of the day-laborer and robs it of its tiniest birdling.

His little one, whose golden locks he has smoothed, whose sweet bidding forth from baby hood into merry, artless childhood, he has watched with so much interest, whose tiny feet have never trod upon aught but flowers in their short "life journey," he thinks deserves as gorgeous a funeral cortege as the child of his wealthy neighbor.

He knows the purse is almost empty, but in fancy he sees the finger of scorn pointed at him on the morrow, as a man too mean to bury his child with "decency," and rather than excite the scoffs and ridicule of others he pays out his last dollar for a carriage and leaves his family without bread. Such desecrations of a sacred right and duty, have long called for an effectual remedy. But not Fashion has decreed that we shall hire twenty or thirty carriages for the almost frolic of a funeral and sooner would we waverize all those we hold most near and dear, than disobey her mandates, even though we know them to be at variance with every principle of the right.

To be sure, there is no law compelling people to have common sense upon the subject of Fashion, but this is no adequate excuse for the obvious lack of judgment and discretion in the insane life of her devotees. "People become familiar with wrongs and only now and then realize their character sufficiently to strike them down." Such is the case we think with fashionable wrongs.

We say wrongs, for is it not a woful injustice to ourselves and to our Maker, to spend a long life-time in adorning with dimmy decorations the "outer man," and leaving untouched and ungarmented the immortal mind within? And ye women, pampered dolls of fashion! is it not an abominable wrong to scatter your money to the four winds, in the purchase of a ribbon here and a flagrant ornament there, while on every hand echo the wails of widows and orphans who waste away in slow starvation by their solitary hearths at midnight and at noonday? God alone sees the thin hands uplifted in speechless agony, and the scolding tears which burn their way silently over the wasted cheeks. He alone hears the cry which goes up from ten thousand heavy hearts and uncareful souls. "There is no help for us, no labor, no bread," and with this cry trembling on their lips they go down to Death, through your Christian (?) forgetfulness, in "doing not unto others as ye would be done by," but in indulging the sensual desire of "being fashionable."

We do not scruple to assert our firm belief that the amount of money prodigally expended in the purchase of a Flora McFlimsey's ball-dress would suffice to provide any ordinary family with food and clothing for twenty years. To prove the truth of this assertion let us make a brief estimate. A late fashion journal says: "An elegant article for a dress for evening wear can be procured from \$100 to \$200 per yard. Favorite head-dresses at the mere bagatelle \$15. Black thread lace flounces from seventy-five to three hundred dollars. A tiny pocket-handkerchief at Stewart's; the lace surrounding it being in the delicate mesh known as Point d'Alencon, is valued at only two hundred and fifty dollars. (The extraordinary prices asked for Point d'Alencon can be better comprehended when it is known that every yard of this costly fabric is procured only by the loss of a fellow creature's eyesight. In Switzerland men and women are constantly employed in darkened rooms weaving this lace, and in a few short months the pupil of the eye becomes inflamed by constant dilatation, and eternal blindness follows.

"Hark, that rustle of a dress Bill with lavish costliness. Here comes one whose cheek would blush. But to have her garments brush 'Glad the girl whose fingers thin. Wore the weary 'broderie in. And in midnight's chill and morn, Stretched her life into her work."

Estimating diamonds—of which no lady of ton is destitute—at five thousand dollars, we have the sum of ten thousand dollars for a lady's fashionable outfit, omitting many small items.

Says a Washington paper—"At the late ball to Lord Napier, a lady wore such a number of diamonds, as also \$14,000 worth of old point lace of a rare and antique pattern, that she was afraid to move about for fear she should have her fragile appendages desecrated." She fortunately secured a prominent seat under the brilliant blaze of a chandelier where she remained through the evening, as much of a fixture, and emitting almost as much light as the lamp itself. Perhaps the cause of her appearance was due to the fact that her husband's money was accumulated in the oil business."

Well may we ask, "What are we coming to?" We need some Martha Washington to put on their domestic gingham, and vow to lasting non-submission to Fashion's edicts.

Again, Fashion has decreed that labor, noble, self-sustaining labor, is ignoble and

debasizing; and hence it is shunned as a viper. In the education of our youth all the great and salutary influences of labor are rejected; and exempt from all toil, they strut about the streets, doing nothing but to spend their father's hard-earned money and their own time. Often until the "noon-'o-eight" the youth bows his young head over the brilliant table, when he should be at home refreshing tired nature by pleasant slumbers and rosy dreams. Slowly but surely such evil habits and associations are working the great problem of his ruin, and when he emerges from the greenness of youth into the ripeness of manhood, realizing that something must be done to support his reckless extravagance, he, perhaps, enters some mercenary establishment. The slight remuneration received discharges, in part, his many daily liabilities, but to procure the five dollar rides and luxurious "Havanas," his employer's drawer doubtless suffers. The road from thriving to murdering is but a short and broad one, and ere long upon the brow of him who was too proud to work rests the bloody brand of murderer. What though through the minute technicalities of the law, or by the quibbling of lawyers, he escapes for the present the punishment justice would award him, there is a silent monitor within which will never cease its stern upbraidings. In the still night time, and at broad noonday, it whispers of that awful punishment from Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine." Ah, who would exchange the holy blessings of a quiet conscience for such an one. All the pomp and glitter of wealth are but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" before such awful dishonor. With what ghastly vividness is that old, old lesson written anew—"There is no excellence without labor." Thus we see the powerful influence which Fashion exerts towards the demoralization of the human race. Full and strong to the surface of the currents of social and business life are beating up the elements of moral pollution.

The question arises what can be done to break the shackles of fashion and check the enervating and demoralizing march of indulgence and effeminacy. Common sense teaches us to throw off now the slavish yoke of bondage, and be once more noble men and women, as were our fathers and mothers before us.

There were four of the pupils who had each made a selection from the compositions of the school, which were put down upon the programme to be read, but were omitted for want of time. The first selection was by Miss Mary Williams, and contained compositions by Miss Tixie Burgess and Master George Burgess. The second selection, made by Wm. Bishop, has compositions by Master Wm. M. Lawrence and Miss Eva Bowen. The third selection by Ella A. Norton, contains the compositions of Misses Maggie Hardings and Mary Stevens, and Master Wheeler Bowen.—There are in the fourth selection, by W. H. Spencer, compositions by Misses Belle Armstrong and Olive Wilson.

We have looked over these literary efforts with much pleasure, and we are sure they would have been received with gratification by the audience, had there been sufficient time. We regret their omission, as those who selected the compositions are excellent readers, and would have acquitted themselves with credit.

Diplomas were delivered to the graduating class, which consisted of Mary E. Douglas, Jennie E. Williston, Emma F. Wood, M. Laurie Martin, Mary E. Brown and Warren D. Parker. Mr. Cass, the Principal, addressed them, as he presented the Diplomas, in a feeling and appropriate manner. Not having been furnished with a copy of this address for publication, we are only able to give a hasty synopsis of a portion of it. He said to them that it afforded him much pleasure to say that during the three years that they had labored together they had yielded willing obedience to every requirement, promptly and cheerfully responding to the call of duty, and by exemplary deportment rendered themselves worthy of the highest confidence and esteem. Too much praise, he said, could not be given to them for their unwearying exertions to meet the wishes of their teachers, and the confidence in which they as a class are held shows that these efforts are not unappreciated. While he congratulated them upon the completion of their course of study, he reminded them that "the fields of knowledge are spread out before them, and urged them to continue their investigations in a thorough and systematic manner, and to improve every opportunity for the accomplishment of good, that their lives might be crowned with usefulness and happiness. These Diplomas are written upon a style Mr. J. C. Fisher, of this city, they were very creditable to him as a penman. They will compare favorably in point of execution with copper plate, and fully equal in appearance those awarded by collegiate institutions.

The Valedictory was delivered by Warren D. Parker, of this city. We do not see how it could be improved in matter or manner—we say emphatically, it was well done—and reflects much credit on Mr. Parker as a scholar and speaker.

VALEDICTORY.

BY WARREN D. PARKER.

KIND FRIENDS:—As members of the High School, we would return our unfeigned thanks for your response to our invitation and for your approbation of our productions. From your previous reception of similar exercises, we were induced to offer them, at this unusual time, for purposes well known to most of you, and have not erred in judgment of your willingness to co-operate.

Deeming our former efforts efficient remuneration for your inconvenience, we have trusted now to your generosity for palliation of the motive, and how far that confidence is mutual this assembly testifies.

Our annual appearance has always received the praise due it, and as you observe a constant growth of intellect, so we perceive unabated interest, and from frequent association, our relations have merged into something purer than those of mere actors and audience.

A. BLADE & CO.
AT THE
BEE HIVE!
ON MAIN STREET
Are now opening the largest stock of
SPRING DRY GOODS
Ever displayed in Jacksonville, which they will sell
at **EXTREMELY LOW** prices

A. BLADE & CO.,
Have just received an extensive assortment of
Dress Goods.

Comprising in part
 200 *pieces Pail de Chèvres,*
 200 *" beautiful Challies—cheap,*
 300 *" Spring Delaines—new style,*
 150 *" new style of Tawms, at 10 cts.,*
 100 *" fine Laines, at Bargains,*
 50 *" Thel's prints—splendid pattern*
Jersey and Challie robes—new styles.
 Call and See them at
The Bee Hive Main Street

A. BLADE & CO.,
 And especially call the attention of buyers to
 their extensive assortment of
BLACK AND FANCY SILKS
 JUST RECEIVED,
 From 62 1-2 cts. to 93,50 per yard.
A fine stock
MANTILLAS AND SHAWLS CHEAP.

A. BLADE & CO.,
Have just received a large Invoice of
L I N E N S
BEST GRADES,
At Lower Prices, than Ever
Washed Domestic, 50 Inches Wide, at 13½
cents; French Domestic at prices.

— — — — —

A. BLADE & CO.,
Would call the attention of Milliners and others to
their splendid stock of
Millinery Goods
Which they offer at prices to compete with any
Milwaukee or Chicago Houses.

— — — — —

A. BLADE & CO.,
Would most respectfully remind the ladies of Lancaster
and vicinity that their stock of
EMBROIDERIES
is as
Large & Choice as Assortment

as can be found in the state and at prices surpassing low,

A. BLADE & CO.,

Have just received the largest stock of
PARASOLS
 UMBRELLAS
 AND
SUN SHADES
 that has ever been offered in this city, and at prices
 as low as competition.

A. BLADE & CO.
With complete with any store in Jacksonville in;
STYLES,
ASSORTMENT
do., do.
It must be plausible to all, that their *EXPENSES* in
inglets, they can sell cheaper than any house in the
city.
DON'T FORGET THE PLACE

THE SIGN OF THE
BEE HIVE
Main St., Janesville, Wis.
april 10 1887
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

A. BLADE & CO.,
AT THE
BEE HIVE!
Have just received a
Large and Choice Assortment
of the following named goods, which will be sold
LOWER THAN EVER
notwithstanding the cry of other merchants that

[illegible]

Hatted and Houndstooth, Striped, Checked, Plaid,
 and Vesting Goods.
 Lined and checked Dusters, and Cloth and Trifur-
 mous Smoking Jackets.
 Coats, Suits, Vests, Cottons, &c.
 Joseph, Johns, Runkens, etc., for Gents' wear.
 Prints, Denims, Stripes, Ticks, Sheetings, Balloons,
 Checks, Jeans, and Drills.
 Window Blinds and Hangings, Door Li-
 nes for Shades.
 Head Dressers, Fann, Blade, Brackets, Cologne-
 Pins, Needles, Tape, Working Cotton, Hobbs
 and Robins.
 Repelling and Shirt Brs, Embroidery, Silk, &
 and Cord.
 New styles of Foot-wear with Netting,
 & Scarves and Rooming Frames,
 Straw Bonnets and Straw Hats.

